

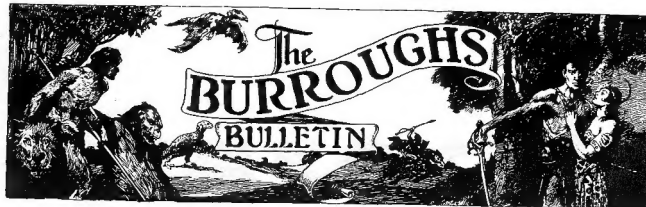
Tarzan **IN** **PELLUCIDAR**

ILLUSTRATED

BY

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Tarzan IN PELLUCIDAR

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by ALLAN HOWARD 23

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THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY AUTHORIZED EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS FANZINE
"I STILL LIVE"—Edgar Rice Burroughs

Tarzan IN PELLUCIDAR

CONTINUED FROM BB#21



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"IT'S BEAUTIFUL," ORIS BREATHED. "YES," GRIDLEY ADMITTED, "AND ACCORDING TO PERRY, FILLED WITH SAVAGE, PREHISTORIC MEN AND BEASTS."



LATER, CAUTIONING HIS FRIENDS TO REMAIN NEAR THE MOUND, TARZAN WENT IN SEARCH OF FRESH MEAT. 3313



HE TRIED TO DRAW AN ARROW FROM THE ENCIRCLING HOOF, BUT THE WEIGHT OF HIS BODY DREW IT TIGHT ABOUT HIM.



THE GREAT SHAGGY BRUTE, THE THAG OF PELLUCOR, STOPPED ABRUPTLY AND EYED THE HELPLESS APE-MAN.



TARZAN THOUGHT NOT OF THIS OR DISTANCE. THE JUNGLE SPOKE TO HIM IN A VOICELESS LANGUAGE HE UNDERSTOOD. TARZAN, HIS VIGILANCE MOMENTARILY DOORMANT, WAS SUDDENLY GRIPPED ABOUT THE BODY AND JERKED HIGH INTO THE AIR.



...A GIGANTIC SABER-TOOTH TIGER BOUNDED INTO THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE CLEARING

UNABLE TO LIFT A HAND IN HIS OWN DEFENSE, TARZAN FACED THE FINAL EXPERIENCE OF ALL CREATED THINGS - DEATH! 3300



THE SABER-TOOTH LEAPED UPON THE BULL'S SHOULDERS; THEN, WITH LIGHTNING SWIFTHNESS, IT DELIVERED A CRUSHING BLOW TO THE SIDE OF THE BULL'S HEAD...

...DROPPING IT DEAD IN ITS TRACKS!



ATTRACTED BY THE BODY HANGING ABOVE THE TRAIL, THE SABER-TOOTH APPROX SLOWLY FROM THE BODY OF ITS KILL AND ADVANCED TOWARD TARZAN. 3303



HEARING A RUSTLING OVERHEAD, TARZAN LOOKED UP AND SAW SEVERAL GORILLA-LIKE MEN. AS THE SABER-TOOTH SPIRALS FORWARD, TARZAN WAS DRAWN SWIFTLY UPWARD -



AN INSTANT LATER HE FOUND HIMSELF SEIZED BY TWO POWERFUL BRUTES WHILE OTHERS GLARED FROM NEARBY BRANCHES



THEN FROM THE CREATURE FACING HIM CAME A CRY WHICH TARZAN UNDERSTOOD:

"I AM TAR-GASH. I KILL!"



"I AM TARZAN," REPLIED THE APE-MAN. "IF YOUR WARRIORS WILL FREE MY ARMS, I'LL FIGHT TAR-GASH." "HOW DID YOU LEARN THE LANGUAGE OF THE SAGOOTH?" TAR-GASH DEMANDED. "IT IS THE LANGUAGE OF MY PEOPLE," TARZAN REPLIED.



DO NOT TIE HIM. HE CANNOT ESCAPE," TAR-GASH GROWLED. "I AM TO-YAO," SNARLED ONE OF THOSE HOLDING TARZAN. "I TAKE NO ORDERS FROM TAR-GASH."

TAR-GASH LEAPED UPON TO-YAO AND...

...IN A SHAKING, SAVAGE TANGLE, THEY DROPPED TO THE GROUND.

UNLIKE THE GREAT APES ON THE OUTER CRUST, THE SASOOTH'S ROUGHT SILENTLY. TAR-GASH SEEMING TO-YAD'S JUGULAR WITH HIS SHARP, WHITE FANGS. "KA-SOOA" (SURRENDER) TAR-GASH SAID...



...HIS GREAT FANGS ABOUT TO CLOSE ON TO-YAD'S JUGULAR. "KA-SOOA" TO-YAD GROWLED.

"IF THE SLAK TRIES TO ESCAPE," TAR-GASH SAID, POINTING TO TARZAN, "KILL HIM!"



"WHEN MWA-LOT COMES, HE WILL KILL TAR-GASH; THEN WE WILL EAT YOU," GROWLED TO-YAD. "PERHAPS," TARZAN REPLIED.



"MWA-LOT COMES WITH THE TRIBE," TAR-GASH SAID. "SOON," TO-YAD MUTTERED. "WE WILL SOON BE RID OF TAR-GASH."



"I AM MWA-LOT WITH PEOPLE OF MY TRIBE," ANNOUNCED THE GREAT BLUE-FACED SASOOTH. "I AM TAR-GASH WITH OTHERS OF MWA-LOT'S TRIBE," SAID TAR-GASH.



"NEARBY IS A THAG KILLED BY A TARAG," TAR-GASH SAID. "UGH!" GRUNTED MWA-LOT. "WE WILL EAT THE THAG AND SAVE THE PRISONER FOR LATER."



AHEAD OF TARZAN WALKED MWA-LOT AND TO-YAD WHO POINTING TOWARD TAR-GASH, SEEMED TO BE WORKING THE CHIEF INTO A FRENZY OF RAGE.



THEN THE STORM BROKE. SAVAGELY MWA-LOT RAISED HIS GREAT CLUB AND LEAPED TOWARD THE UNSUSPECTING TAR-GASH. "KREEE-AN, TAR-GASH," TARZAN CRIED WARNINGLY AS HE BRUSHED TO-YAD ASIDE WITH A SWEEP OF HIS ARM AND LEAPED TOWARD MWA-LOT'S BACK.



AT THE WARNING, TAR-GASH WHEELED TO SEE TARZAN THROW MWA-LOT OVER HIS HEAD INTO THE FACES OF THE ASTONISHED WARRIORS.

TARZAN SPRANG TO TAR-GASH'S SIDE AND, WHEELING, FACED THE SURPRISED SASOOTH. INSTANTLY, A SCORE OF CLUBS WERE RAISED AGAINST THEM.



"SHALL WE FIGHT?" TARZAN DEMANDED. "THEY WILL KILL US," TAR-GASH SAID. "LEAD THE WAY, THEN," TARZAN SAID, "I'LL FOLLOW."



"COME!" TAR-GASH GROWLED, HURLING HIS CLUB INTO THE FACES OF THE ONCOMING SASOOTH...



...AND SPURTED UP THE TRAIL WITH TARZAN.

"THEY WILL NOT FOLLOW FAR," TAR-GASH SAID. "WHY DID YOU WARN ME?" "BECAUSE YOU DID NOT KILL ME WHEN YOU CAPTURED ME."



"WHERE ARE YOUR PEOPLE?" ASKED TAR-GASH. TARZAN, WORKING ON A BOW AND ARROWS, LOOKED UP. TARZAN OF THE APES WAS LOST.



"I KNOW A TRIBE OF SLAKS," TAR-GASH SAID. "I'LL LEAD YOU TO THEM." THEY TRAVELLED TOWARD THE MOUNTAINS, LIVING ON THE HAT OF THE LAND.



SUDDENLY, THE SILENCE WAS SHATTERED BY A NOISY SCREECH FROM UP THE CANYON. "IT'S A DYAL!" GROWLED TAR-GASH.



BEYOND THE BOULDER, A GREAT BRO-LIKE CREATURE WAS CLAWING AT A SPEAR, PROTRUDING FROM A CREVICE IN THE CLIFF.





"IT IS A TERRIBLE BIRD," TAR-GASH GROWLED. "BUT ITS MEAT IS GOOD, AND I AM HUNGRY. I'LL BREAK ITS LEGS WITH MY CLUB. WHEN IT'S DOWN WE CAN KILL IT!"



AS THE CREATURE RUSHED UPON HIM, TARZAN'S BOW SANG AND AN ARROW PERCED ITS BREAST.



LAUNCHING HIS SECOND ARROW, TARZAN SPRANG ASIDE. THE DYAL'S HUGE BEAK GRAZED HIS SHOULDER.



AS THE DYAL TURNED TO RENEW THE ATTACK, A SPEAR DROVE PAST TARZAN'S SHOULDER...



...AS FINE A SPECIMEN OF MANHOOD AS WE HAD EVER SEEN. THEN TARZAN SAW THE MAN WHO HAD CAST THE SPEAR: A TALL STALWART WARRIOR...



"I AM TAR-GASH, THE SABOTH!" TAR-GASH GROWLED. "I KILL!"

"I AM THOAR OF ZORAM!" REPLIED THE STRANGER. "I AM WAITING!"



"I AM TARZAN!" THE APE-MAN SAID. "THOAR, DO YOU UNDERSTAND THE LANGUAGE OF THE SABOTH?" "A LITTLE," REPLIED THE WARRIOR. "THEN THOAR-TAR-GASH," TARZAN SAID, "THE ONE EACH OTHER OUR LIVES, LET US BE FRIENDS."



"LET US TRAVEL AND HUNT TOGETHER," SAID TARZAN, MOVING AWAY. "SIX HANDS ARE BETTER THAN FOUR."



"SOON THE WATERS WILL FALL," THOAR SAID, INDICATING THE BLACK CLOUDS. "WE MUST REACH NEW GROUND."



EVEN THE ANIMALS, IN THEIR FEAR OF THE COMING STORM, MOVED SIDE BY SIDE DOWN THE VALLEY TO ESCAPE THE COMMON TERROR.



A RAW, COLD WIND SWEEP DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAINS, AND THE MEN, CLINGING TO THE ALMOST SHEER WALL, SHIVERED IN THEIR NAKEDNESS.



THEN THE RAIN CAME IN GREAT, ENVELOPING BLANKETS THAT ALMOST SMOTHERED THEM. IT BOILED DOWN THE CLIFF, TURNING THE VALLEY INTO A RAGING TORRENT. ABOVE THE CRASHING THUNDER AND THE HOWLING WIND, ROSE THE PIERCING DEATH-SHRIEKS OF THE MONSTERS OF ANOTHER DAY.



THE THREE BEAST-MEN SAT IN STONY SILENCE. THEIR BACKS LAUNCHED AGAINST THE FURY OF THE STORM.



"I AM HUNGRY," SAID TARZAN. THOAR INDICATED THE BODY OF A RED DEER THAT HAD BEEN CRUSHED IN THE MAD STAMPEDE. "WE SHALL EAT," HE SAID.



THEY ATE THEIR MEALS RAW, FOR THERE WAS NO OXY MOOD FOR A FIRE, AND WHEN THEIR BELLYS WERE FILLED THOAR TOLD TARZAN, "I WILL HELP YOU FIND YOUR PEOPLE."



THEY MADE SLOW PROGRESSES ALONG PERILOUS TRAILS, TAKING SUCH CHANCES AS LONG DREZ HEIGTS THAT TARZAN WONDERED THAT THEY CAME THROUGH ALIVE.



ON A RIDGE, THEY WERE ROBBING A THORP'S NEST OF ITS EGGS WHEN THORP BECAME SUDDENLY ALERT...



"A THORP!" THORP EXCLAIMED. "OUR WORST ENEMIES, TARZAN..."

"...THEY ARE NEVER DEFEATED UNTIL THEY ARE DEAD." ON CAME THE GIANT REPTILE, THE THREE MEN WAITING, POISED, READY, EXPECTANT.



THE GIANT REPTILE RECEIVED A WARM RECEPTION. RISING SUDDENLY AS THOUGH TO AVOID THE ATTACK, IT SKIMMED OVER THEIR HEADS.



THEN, SUDDENLY, WITH THE SPEED OF A SPARROW-HAWK, IT WHEELED AND DROVE STRAIGHT AT TARZAN'S BACK.



THE REPTILE STRUCK SO QUICKLY THERE COULD BE NO DEFENSE. SHARP TALONS WERE BURIED IN TARZAN'S BACK. NEITHER TAR-GASH NOR THORP COULD STRIKE FOR FEAR OF WOUNDING TARZAN AS THE APE-MAN WAS CARRIED AWAY...

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MEANWHILE, GRIDLEY, MOBBED OVER TARZAN'S LONG ABSENCE, STARTED IN SEARCH OF HIM, PROMISING TO RETURN TO THE MOLE WITHIN A REASONABLE TIME.



DIVEN INTO THE TREES BY FIRST ONE GREAT BEAST AND THEN ANOTHER, GRIDLEY SEARCHED IN VAIN FOR SIGN OF TARZAN, AFTER MANY SLIPS...



...HE FOUND HIMSELF AT THE EDGE OF A VAST SEA, GAZING DOWN MINIATURE ISLANDS INTO THE STRANGE, BOWL-LIKE DISTANCE OF PELLUCIDAR.



DISCOURAGED AT LAST, HE TURNED TO RETRACE HIS STEPS, AS HE THOUGHT, BACK TO THE MOLE.

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AS HE DISCOVERED THE HUGE WOLF DOGS, GRIDLEY REALIZED THEY WERE WATCHING SOMETHING TO HIS LEFT, AND TURNING, HE SAW...



...A GIRL RUNNING TOWARD THE HYAENODONS. SHE WAS NOT YET SEEN, BEHIND HER CAME FOUR SQUAT HAIRY MEN APPARENTLY BENT ON HER CAPTURE.



BEWILDERED, THE GIRL PAUSED. ONLY ONE WAY LAY OPEN FOR ESCAPE. AS SHE TURNED IN THAT DIRECTION, SHE SAW GRIDLEY IN HER PATH OF FLIGHT.



AS GRIDLEY RAN TO MEET THE GIRL, HE DREW A REVOLVER AND FIRED, DROPPING THE FOREMOST HYAENODON IN ITS TRACKS.



AT THE SOUND OF THE SHOT, THE GIRL'S PURSUERS, BOTH MEN AND BEASTS, PAUSED IN STARTLED SURPRISE, NEVER BEFORE HAD THEY FACED SUCH A WEAPON.



TWO OF THE HYAENODONS TURNED TO ATTACK THE HAIRY BRUTE-MEN AS THE THIRD SLUNK, BARE-FANDED, TOWARD GRIDLEY AND THE GIRL.



WADDLED BY PAIN. ITS JAWS CRIMSONED BY BLOODY FOAM, THE HYAENODON LEAPED FOR GRIDLEY'S THROAT, AND HE WENT DOWN UNDER ITS SAVAGE ATTACK.



THE SAVAGE BATTLE BETWEEN MEN AND BEASTS WENT UNNOTICED BY GRIDLEY WHOSE WHOLE ATTENTION WAS OCCUPIED BY THE WOUNDED ANIMAL AT HIS THROAT.



AS GRIDLEY SCRAMBLED TO HIS FEET, HE SAW THE GIRL TUGGING AT HER SPEAR IN AN EFFORT TO DRAG IT FROM THE HYAENODON'S BODY.



AS THE GIRL POINTED OVER HIS SHOULDER, GRIDLEY TURNED HIS HEAD AND SAW THE FOUR Hairy BRUTES ADVANCING TOWARD HIM, SWINGING THEIR CLUBS MENACINGLY.



AS THE LEADING PHELIAN PREPARED TO THROW HIS CLUB, GRIDLEY FIRED THE FELLOW WHIRLED AND FELL DEAD IN HIS TRACKS.



GRIDLEY DODGED THE THROWN CLUB AND FIRED AGAIN, BRINGING DOWN ANOTHER OF THE Hairy BRUTES. THE REMAINING TWO TURNED AND FLED.



"WELL, GRIDLEY SAID, SURVEYING THE BATTLEGROUND, 'IT'S A GREAT COUNTRY, BUT I'M DARNED IF I SEE HOW ANYONE GROWS UP TO ENJOY IT.' AS THEY WALKED TOWARD THE NEARBY MOUNTAINS, THE GIRL POINTED TO HERSELF AND SAID WITH A LITTLE SMILE, 'JANA!'"



AND SO, LITTLE BY LITTLE, GRIDLEY LEARNED THE LANGUAGE OF THE GILAKS, AS THE TWO TRUDGED TOWARD THE MOUNTAINS OF THE THIDWARS.



"THERE, JASON," JANA SAID, INDICATING A DISTANT, FLAT-TOPPED MOUNTAIN, "LIES ZORAM, THE LAND OF MY PEOPLE."



AS JANA BUILT A FIRE, GRIDLEY, THINKING OF FRESH MEAT, TURNED BACK TO THE PLAIN WHERE HE HAD SEEN A HERD OF BLAZING ANTELOPE. JANA DID NOT SENSE THE DANG'S CREEPING UPON HER FROM THE DARK CANYON.



BEFORE SHE COULD DO MORE THAN DRAW HER KNIFE, JANA FELT HERSELF IN THE GRASP OF STRONG ARMS.



"WHO ARE YOU, WOMAN? WHERE ARE YOUR PEOPLE?" DEMANDED THE LEADER. "I AM JANA OF ZORAM," JANA SNAPPED, "AND I-I AM ALONE."



"WOMEN OF ZORAM ARE KNOWN FOR THEIR GREAT BEAUTY," THE MAN SAID ADMIRINGLY. "I AM CARE OF GLOVE, YOU SHALL BE MY WIFE."

TO PREVENT GRIDLEY FROM WALKING INTO A DEATH-TRAP, JANA HAD DELIBERATELY LIED. BUT HER HEART TOLD HER THAT HE WOULD FOLLOW.



EXPECTING TO BE GREETED BY JANA'S CHEERY VOICE, GRIDLEY PAULED IN SURPRISE WHEN HE DID NOT FIND HER.



AT FINDING HER SPEAR, HE KNEW SHE COULD NOT HAVE GONE FAR. HE LOOKED UP THE DARK CANYON. "JANA!" HE SHOUTED. AN EERY ECHO ANSWERED. "...JANA..."



"SHE WOULDN'T WANDER OFF ALONE," HE THOUGHT. "MAYBE THOSE DARN PHELIANS, OR SOMEONE ELSE - GOOD LORD!"

AS GRIDLEY HURRIED UP THE CANYON, HE THOUGHT OF TARTAN. "IF HE WERE ONLY HERE," HE MURNURED, "HE'D PICK UP HER TRAIL AT ONCE."

SINCE GRIDLEY HAD SLEPT OFTEN HE KNEW MUCH TIME HAD PASSED SINCE HE HAD LOST JANA. YET HE STILL CLUNG TO THE HOPE OF FINDING HER.



SUDDENLY THE DOOR OF SHOCKE CAME TO HIS NOSTRILS AND HE SAW A THIN MAN RISING FROM A CANYON JUST AHEAD.

GRIDLEY LOOKED DOWN INTO THE CANYON AND SAW A BROWNED WARRIOR ROASTING A FOWL OVER A FIRE. IT WAS THORAR OF ZORAM.



SUDDENLY GRIDLEY'S ATTENTION WAS ATTRACTED TO THE OPPOSITE END OF THE CANYON. THERE STOOD A GIANT, ARMORED DINOSAUR WATCHING THE MAN IN THE CANYON.

AS THE GIANT BEAST GLIDED TOWARD THORAR, GRIDLEY LEVERING A SNELL INTO HIS RIFLE, LEAPED DOWN THE CANYON SLOPE.



PAUSING, GRIDLEY TOOK QUICK AIM AND FIRED. THE BEAST VEERED TOWARD HIM, USING ITS TAIL AS A RUDDER.



GRIDLEY'S BULLETS, BRINKING THE TINY BRAIN THROUGH THE OPEN MOUTH, HAD APPARENTLY HAD NO EFFECT UPON THE CREATURE. SCREECHING FIERCELY, IT CAME DIRECTLY TOWARD HIM.

A FEW FEET FROM GRIDLEY, THE CREATURE SHERVED UPWARD, PASSED OVER HIS HEAD AND LANDED BEHIND HIM. INSTANTLY, IT TURNED TO RENEW THE ATTACK.



IN MID-CHARGE, THE CREATURE STUMBLED, BEFORE GRIDLEY COULD FIRE. OR THORAR CAST HIS SPEAR. IT DUG ITS NOSE INTO THE GROUND AND FELL DEAD.



"IT IS DEAD! WHAT COULD HAVE KILLED IT? NEITHER OF US CAST A SPEAR," SAID THORAR, SURPRISED. GRIDLEY TAPPED HIS RIFLE. "THAT KILLED IT."



"NOISE DOES NOT KILL," SAID THORAR, SKEPTICALLY. "EXAMINE THE ROOF OF ITS MOUTH," GRIDLEY SUGGESTED. "YOU WILL SEE WHAT HEAR SPEAKS."

"TRULY YOUR WEAPON SPEAKS WITH A DEADLY TONGUE!" THORAR SAID, AMAZED. "WHAT SEEK YOU IN ZORAM?"



"GOOD GRIET!" GRIDLEY EXCLAIMED. "AM I IN ZORAM?" THORAR NODDED. "YOU ARE." "AND YOU ARE A MAN OF ZORAM?" GRIDLEY DEMANDED.



"I AM THORAR OF ZORAM," SAID THE PELLUCIDARIAN. "THEN," GRIDLEY ASKED EAGERLY, "DO YOU KNOW JANA, THE RED FLOWER OF ZORAM?"



"WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF JANA OF ZORAM?" THORAR DEMANDED. "WE WERE COMING TO ZORAM," GRIDLEY SAID. "SHE DISAPPEARED, AND I AM SEARCHING FOR HER."

"HOW ARE YOU CALLED?" ASKED THORAR. "I AM JASON GRIDLEY," THE AMERICAN REPLIED. "JASON THORAR EXCLAIMED. 'TARZAN SPOKE THAT NAME.'"



"TARZAN!" GRIDLEY EXCLAIMED. "YOU HAVE SEEN TARZAN? HE IS ALIVE!" THORAR SPOKE SLOWLY. "TARZAN IS DEAD, A THORAR CARRIED HIM AWAY."



"YOU WERE FOND OF HIM?" ASKED THORAR. "YES," SAID GRIDLEY. "SO WAS I. I COULD NOT SAVE HIM. THE THORAR STRUCK SO SUDDENLY."



"WHERE DO YOU GO, JASON?" THORAR ASKED, AS GRIDLEY ROSE. "I MUST FIND JANA," GRIDLEY SAID. "WE WILL SEARCH TOGETHER," SAID THORAR.

FROM GRIDLEY'S DESCRIPTION, THOAR RECOGNIZED THE GORGE FROM WHICH JANA HAD VANISHED. THEY TURNED BACK TO PICK UP HER TRAIL. AMONG THE JAGGED PEAKS, THOAR LED THE WAY. WHEN THEY WERE HUNGRY, THEY ATE; WHEN THEY WERE TIRED THEY SLEPT. FOR A LONG TIME THEY TRUDGED ONWARD.



MEANWHILE, TARZAN KIMS LIMPLY IN THE CLUTCHES OF THE THUIDAR FAR FROM THE SPOT AT WHICH HE HAD BEEN SEIZED. PRESENTLY THE THUIDAR CIRCLED A GRANITE PEAK TOWARD THE SUMMIT OF WHICH IT DROPPED. AND THERE, TARZAN SAW A NEST OF SMALL THUIDARS.



AS TARZAN'S BLADE PERCEIVED ITS HEART, THE THUIDAR SCREAMED, RELAXED ITS HOLD, AND DROPPED HIM INTO THE NEST AMONG THE GAWNY JAWS OF ITS FRIGHTFUL BROOD.



FORTUNATELY FOR TARZAN, THERE WERE ONLY THREE; AND THOUGH THEY WERE STILL YOUNG, THEIR TEETH WERE SHARP AND THEIR JAWS STRONG.

TWENTY FEET BELOW, HE FOUND PRECARIOUS FOOTING; WHILE, AGAIN, HE LOOPEO THE ROPE OVER A SLIGHT PROJECTION IN FRONT OF HIM.



THIS STAGE OF THE DESCENT WAS THE MOST APPALLING, SINCE THE ROPE WAS BARELY SEATED UPON A SHELVING PROJECTION FROM WHICH IT MIGHT SLIP AT ANY INSTANT.

IT SEEMED USELESS TO ATTEMPT TO FIND HIS COMPANION AGAIN AMONG THESE STUPENDOUS GORGES AND PEAKS; AND SO HE DETERMINED MERELY TO FIND A WAY OUT OF THE MOUNTAINS BACK TO THE FORESTS AND PLAINS THAT LAY FAR BELOW.



"THE TRACKS OF MANY BEASTS THOAR POINTED OUT, 'HAVE OBLITERATED ANY SIGN THAT MAY HAVE BEEN HERE. HE MUST SEEK FARTHER.'"



"WE SHALL GO TO THE LAND OF THE PRELIANS," THOAR DECIDED, "THOUGH HE MAY NOT FIND JANA, WE SHALL AVENGE HER."



AS THE CREATURE HOVERED OVER ITS NEST, TARZAN DREW HIS KNIFE, HIS OTHER HAND REACHED UP TO GRASP THE SCALY ANKLE ABOVE THE CLAWS.



THE REPTILE DESCENDED SLOWLY. TARZAN'S FEET WERE ALMOST IN THE JAWS OF THE DEMONS BELOW WHEN HE STRUCK UPWARD WITH HIS BLADE AT THE THUIDAR'S BREAST.



ON HIS STOMACH, TARZAN MOVED SLOWLY AROUND THE PERIPHERY OF THE LOFTY AIRS, EXAMINING THE SHEER WALLS FOR A POSSIBLE MEANS OF DESCENT. LOOPSING THE CENTER OF HIS ROPE OVER A PROJECTION, TARZAN SEIZED BOTH STRANDS IN ONE HAND AND LOWERED HIMSELF OVER THE EDGE.



THEN THE WALLS BEGAN TO SHOW FISSURES AND CRACKS, AND THE DESCENT TO THE BASE BECAME A MIRACLE OF EASE. AND PRESENTLY TARZAN STOOD AGAIN UPON HIS TWO FEET ON LEVEL GROUND.



PRESENTLY THE STEEP CRASS GAVE PLACE TO LEVELER LAND. THERE WERE GRASS AND SHRUBS AT FIRST THEN STARTED TREES, AND FINALLY -



"WHAT WAS ALMOST A FOREST, AND HERE HE CAME UPON A WET-TRACKED TRAIL."





"I WILL GO WITH YOU," TARZAN SAID. "AVAN, THE CHIEF," SAID OLAN. "IS MY FATHER. PERHAPS HE WILL BELIEVE IF MY PEOPLE DECIDE TO KILL YOU, I WILL TRY TO HELP YOU BECAUSE YOU SAVED MY LIFE."



AS THE MAN AND BOY TRAVELED FORWARD, BRANCHING THE SPURS ABANDONED HIS SUSPICIOUS ATTITUDE AND ACCEPTED TARZAN AS A FRIEND.



OLAN NOTICED THE WOUNDS MADE BY THE THORPE'S TALONS IN TARZAN'S BACK, AND WHEN HER WAY LED NEAR A BROOK, HE THOROUGHLY CLEANSED THEM.



AFTER CLEANING THE WOUNDS OLAN APPLIED THE JUICE FROM A PARTICULAR SHrub. "THE WOUNDS WILL HEAL, OLAN," NOW," HE EXPLAINED.



SEVERAL WEEKS LATER THEY HALTED ON THE BRINK OF A CANYON. BEHIND THAT BEND LIES CLOVE. OLAN SAID, "I HOPE MY PEOPLE WILL NOT KILL YOU."



AS TARZAN AND OLAN CAME Nearer, THE WARRIORS SPANG FORWARD BRANCHING THE SPURS ABANDONED HIS SUSPICIOUS ATTITUDE AND ACCEPTED TARZAN AS A FRIEND.



"HUT MY FATHER!" CRIED OLAN. "TARZAN IS A FRIEND!" HE IS A STRANGER! (GROWLED THE LEADER. "STAND ASIDE, BOY. I KILL."



"AND WOULD KILL OLAN'S FRIEND," SAID "THE BOY STEPPING IN FRONT OF TARZAN. "HUT FIRST KILL OLAN."



"PERHAPS AVAN," CAUTIONED A STALWART WARRIOR. "IT WERE BEST TO HEAR THE BOY. VERY WELL," GROWLED THE CHIEF. "SPEAK, OLAN."



"AT RISK OF HIS LIFE," SAID OLAN. "TARZAN SAVED ME. HE FOUGHT A BETH HAND-TO-HAND AND KILLED IT. WOULD AN ENEMY HAVE DONE THAT?"



"VERY WELL," AVAN GROWLED. "HE SHALL HOLD COUNCIL WHEN CARB RETURNS AND DECIDE WHAT TO DO WITH HIM. MEANWHILE HE REMAINS AS A PRISONER."



"TARZAN IS NO MAN'S PRISONER," THE CHIEF, AVAN SAID. "HE COMES AS A FRIEND. HE SHALL REMAIN AS SUCH OR NOT REMAIN AT ALL."



"LET HIM STAY," SUGGESTED THE STALWART WARRIOR. "IF OLAN AND OLAN SHALL BE RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS CONDUCT." HE STAYS," AGREED AVAN. "UNTIL HE HOLD COUNCIL."



FOR MANY WEEKS TARZAN LIVED WITH THE CLOVE. MANY ACCEPTING HIM IN THAT QUESTION, BUT HIS CLOSEST COMPANIONS WERE OLAN AND OLAN, THE WARRIOR.



TARZAN FASHIONED A BOW AND ARROW FOR THE BOY AND TAUGHT HIM HOW TO USE THEM.



"IT IS TOMORROW," OLAN SAID. "HE WAS WITH CARB'S WAR PARTY. PERHAPS HE BEARS NEWS."



"CARB RETURNS!" CRIED THE WARRIOR. "CARB RETURNS WITH THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN OF CLOVE!" DOWN THE TRAIL AND RANKE ONTO THE LEOPARD CARB'S PARTY. AMONG THEM A GIRL, HER HANDS BOUND BEHIND HER BACK.



"WHY HAS THIS STRANGER NOT BEEN KILLED?" CARB DEMANDED ARROGANTLY. "THE WARRIORS IN COUNCIL," REPLIED ANAN, "SMALL DECIDE HIS FATE."



"I WILL NOT LIVE WITH AN ENEMY. KILL HIM!" CARB SAID. "IS CARB GREATER THAN THE COUNCIL?" ULAH ASKED DRILLY. "LET US WAIT AND SEE."



"WHY WAST I? CARB DEMANDED, STEPPING FORWARD, JOSE IN HAND. "KILL HIM NOW!" LEAVE THIS TO ME ULAH. TARTIAN SAID QUIETLY.



SAMOLELY CONFIDENT CARB RUSHED, HIS KNIFE RAISED MEANINGLY. TARTIAN WAS OWN WEAPON UNDERHIM. ALERT! AND ROSE, ABANDONED THE ATTACK CALMLY.



AS CARB RUSHED HIM, TARTIAN THRUST ASIDE THE CAVE MAN'S KNIFE AND DROPPED HIM WITH A SHAKING BLOW TO THE JAW.



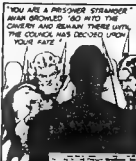
WITH A BELLOW OF RAGE CARB BOUNCED TO HIS FEET AND RUSHED ANAN. ONCE MORE TARTIAN AVERTED THE MAN'S WIDE OPEN ATTACK.



GRASPING CARB IN HIS STOMACH, TARTIAN TURNED STOOPEO AND WITH THE CAVE MAN'S ARM ACROSS HIS SHOULDER, THREW HIM COMPLETELY OVER HIS HEAD.



"WELL, AN OLD TARTIAN DEFENDED HIS SE. IT IS ONLY WHAT ANY MAN COULD DO LET THE COUNCIL DECIDE HIS FATE."



"YOU ARE A PRISONER STRANGER," ANAN GROWLED. "GO INTO THE CHIMNEY AND REMAIN THERE UNTIL THE COUNCIL HAS DECIDED UPON YOUR FATE."



THE WARRIOR THRUST THE GIRL BRUSHELY INTO A CORNER. "REMAIN THERE WOMAN OF ZORAN!" HE SAID. "CARB WILL COME FOR YOU WHEN THE COUNCIL HAS SPOKEN."



"YOU ARE FROM ZORAN?" TARTIAN ASKED. "YES," REPLIED THE GIRL. "I AM JANA OF ZORAN."



"DO YOU KNOW THOSE OF ZORAN?" TARTIAN ASKED. "THOSE?" JANA ENCLAINED. "MY BROTHER! WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF MY STRANGER?"



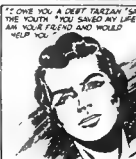
"WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF MY BROTHER THOSE?" JANA DEMANDED. "WE HUNTED TOGETHER," TARTIAN SAID. "ON THE WAY TO ZORAN WE BECAME SEPARATED."



"WHO ARE YOU?" JANA DEMANDED SUDDENLY. "I AM TARTIAN." "I AM ANAN," HE SAID. "TARTIAN, JANA ENCLAINED. THE FELLOWS ARE."



BEFORE TARTIAN COULD QUESTION JANA REGARDING HER ACHILLES AND OLAN CAVE, THERE THEY BECAME TARTIAN'S WEAPONS AND A LIMITED TOWNS. THE COUNCIL HAS PLACED A LIT SONG. AN SAID. THE GIRL GIVES TO CURB AND YOU, TARTIAN, ARE BE WITNESSED."



"I OWE YOU A DEBT, TARTIAN," SAID THE YOUTH. "YOU SAVED MY LIFE. I AM YOUR FRIEND AND WOULD HELP YOU."



"FOLLOW ME," OLAN SAID, LEADING OFF TOWARD THE BACK OF THE CAVERN. "ONLY I, OLAN, CAN SHOW YOU A WAY OUT."



THE CAVERN NARROWED, THE FLOOR BECAME STEEP AND ROUGH AS THEY ASCENDED THE NARROW PASSAGE WITH DIFFICULTY.



OLAN ASKED JANA... CAVERN POINTING TO A RISER IN THE WALL, HE SAID. "THERE LIES A TRAIL TO FREEDOM, THEREAY GO! OLAN'S DEBT IS PAID."



U-4 "HANDS THE TORCH TO TARZAN AND 'THO- ANOTHER WORD- TARNED AND SMILED AS THEY BACKED TOWARD THE CAVERN."



"FOR SPENDING IN YOUR BEHALF," U-4N SAID, "THE COUNCIL BANISHED ME FROM THE TERE. I WOULD GO WITH YOU! "COME THEN, DUEZAN SAID."



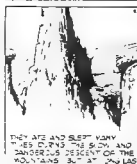
FOR A LONG TIME THE RUSTIES CLIMBED SLOWLY AND LABORIOUSLY UP THE THICK-UP THE NARROW ROCKY PASSAGES."



AT LAST THEY REACHED THE END OF THE PASSAGE. EXTENDING THE FORTH THEY ADVANCED CAUTIOUSLY TOWARD THE SUN-LIT OPENING."



"THAT," JANA POINTED OUT "IS THE PLAIN OF THE GREAT GYORS TO REACH ZORAN. WE MUST SKIRT IT THE WAY IS LONG AND BESET WITH CRUVE GYORS."



THEY ATE AND SLEPT VARY TIMES DURING THE SLOW AND DANGEROUS DESCENT OF THE MOUNTAINS BUT AT THE LAST-



THEY STOOD AT THE EDGE OF THE VAST PLAIN OF THE GYORS OR AS JANA CALLED IT THE GYOR CORRS."



"YOU CALLED THIS THE GYOR CORRS," JANA. WHAT IS A GYOR? TARZAN ASKED. "A TERRIBLE CREATURE," JANA REPLIED. "IT IS TWICE THE SIZE OF A TANDOR AND--"



"YOU ASK WHAT A GYOR? TARZAN ASKED. "IT IS TWICE THE SIZE OF A TANDOR AND--"



"A GYOR!" JANA WHISPERED "LIE DOWN AND HIDE IN THIS TALL GRASS BEFORE IT SEES US!"



"IS JANA Y-40 DIRECTION," SAO U-4N "I SEE THE IT HAS APPROACH- SEEN US."



"HE HAS CAUGHT THE SILENT OF SOMETHING COMING UP THE CANYON," TARZAN SAID. WATCHING THE DINOSAUR "MEN RIDING HORSE LIZARDS."

"THEY ARE NOT MEN," U-4N DECLARED "THEY ARE HORRIBLE THINGS THEY RIDE ARE GOROBORS."



THE LEADING HORRIB HOLDING THE ATTENTION OF THE CHARGING DINOSAUR FROM THE HUNTERS BEHIND IT LED THE ENTIRE PACK DIRECTLY TOWARD TARZAN AND HIS COMPANIONS."



THE TRICERATOPS STOOD AT BAY ITS ATTENTION ON THE SLOWLY APPROACHING HORRIB LEADER. SUDDENLY THOSE IN THE REAR DARTED FORWARD AND DROVE THEIR LANCES INTO THE GREAT BODY."

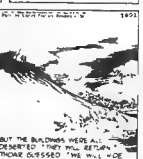
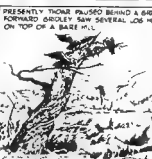


AS THE CREATURE FELL, TARZAN WAS CONGRATULATING HIMSELF ON THE GOOD FORTUNE OF HIMSELF AND HIS COMPANIONS IN ESCAPING DISCOVERY BY THE HORRIBS WHEN--



THE ENTIRE BAND OF SHAME MEN WHEELED THEIR MOUNTS AND RACED SWIFTLY TOWARD THEIR HIDE-PLACE."

THE HORDES FORMED A CIRCLE ABOUT TARZAN AND HIS COMPANIONS CONCEALMENT BEING NO LONGER POSSIBLE, THEY ROSE AND FACED THE CREATURES.





"GREAT SCOTT," GRIDLEY EXCLAIMED "WHAT ARE THEY? THE HORRORS? THOSE MUTTERED 'HE MIGHT AS WELL BE DEAD'."



"IF YOU TRY TO ESCAPE, I WILL KILL YOU," SAID THE HORROR, INDICATING THE SCORCH. HE ADDED "WOLAN" AND "SIT WELL FORWARD."



THE STRANGE CAVALCADE SWAM TOWARD THE BLOOMY FOREST ON THE FAR BANK OF THE RIVER.



THROUGH THE BLOOMY FOREST THE CAVALCADE MARCHED DOWN DARK WINOING LOREDOSES OVERHUNG WITH DENSE VEGETATION.



AFTER MANY SLEEPS THEY CAME TO THE SHORE OF A LAKE WHERE HORRORS SWARMED COLLING IN THE WATER OR SWIMMING THEMSELVES ON THE MUDDY BANK.



ON THE BANK A CAPTIVE SUDDENLY CLAMMED A HAND OVER GRIDLEY'S MOUTH AND DROVE INTO THE WATER CARRYING GRIDLEY WITH HIM.



GRIDLEY FELT HIMSELF BEING DRAGGED OVER SLIMY AND THEN THE HAND WAS REMOVED FROM HIS MOUTH AND HE GASPED FOR AIR.



AS GRIDLEY'S EYES BECAME ACCUSTOMED TO THE DIM LIGHT HE PERCEIVED THREE FIGURES SITTING ON THE GROUND NEARBY.



"HOW?" HE SAID "WHAT?" CAME THE BELIEVED REPLY "I THOUGHT WE WERE COMING FOR WHEN THEY CRASHED US INTO THE WATER."



"WHAT ARE THESE OTHER THINGS?" GRIDLEY ASKED "I DO NOT KNOW," REPLIED THOMAS "NO DOUBT THEY ALSO ARE THE SAME."



"WHO ARE YOU?" THOMAS DEMANDED READING HIS VOICE. "IF YOU ARE SPEAKING TO US," SAID A FAMILIAR VOICE IN ENGLISH "WE DON'T UNDERSTAND."



"OH FRANKLIN!" EXCLAIMED GRIDLEY STARTLED "YOU'RE HERE? AND DORIS?" DORIS REPLIED "ALAS," "I'M HERE TOO, JASON."



"WHAT WILL THEY DO WITH US, JASON?" DORIS ASKED ANXIOUSLY "PROBABLY SEND US TO THE REMAINS," GRIDLEY REPLIED GRIMLY. "IF WE DON'T ESCAPE."



"I HAVE TAUGHT THOSE A LITTLE ENGLISH," GRIDLEY SAID "AND HAVE LEARNED HIS LANGUAGE. HOW WERE YOU CAPTURED?"



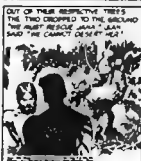
"WE WANDERED TOO FAR FROM THE HOLE," FRANKLIN EXPLAINED "THE HORRIBLE REPTILE-THING CAUGHT US, AND WE'LL NEVER BE FREE."



"YOU SAID THEY'D SEND US TO THEIR REMAINS," DORIS ASKED SHAKELY "DO THEY TALK TO US?" GRIDLEY SAID "ALAS," "WE MUST TRY TO ESCAPE."



"THEY... WATCH THE WATER ENTRANCE," GRIDLEY SAID "YOUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO DIG A TUNNEL TOWARD THE FOREST."



AS JANA DROPPED FROM THE GOROBORS' BACK, SHE SAW THE HORBS LANCE UP IN THE TREES, SNATCHING IT UP AND SPRING TO JUAN'S AID.



"WE MUST BE WELL CONCEALED IN THE TREES," JUAN SAID. "WHEN THE HORBS RETURN TO SEARCH FOR YOU AND THEIR COMRADE."



"UP IN THE TREES, JANA!" JUAN WHISPERED. "THE HORBS' COME! I DO NOT THINK THEY HAVE SEEN US YET. HURRY!"

JANA AND JUAN VANISHED INTO THE THICK FOLIAGE OF THE TREES, AS THE HORBS RODE UP AND STOPPED BESIDE THE BODY OF THEIR FALLEN COMRADE.



AS THE HORBS RODE AWAY, JUAN EXPLAINED TO JANA, "TARZAN'S RUSE TO MISLEAD THEM WHILE HE, JUAN, ATTEMPTED HER RESCUE."



TO REACH THE MOUNTAINS, TARZAN EXPLAINED THAT WHEN HE CROSS THE GOROBORS, HE WAS ON THE MORE THAN HUNDRED FEET, SAW A LAKE A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY.

"WE MUST BE NEAR THEIR VILLAGE," TARZAN SAID, "INDICATING THE LAKE. ONCE WE PASS THESE SCATTERED TREES WE SHOULD BE SAFE ENOUGH."



AS TARZAN SLEPT, HE MOANED HIS WAY THROUGH THE JUNGLE, BEHIND HIS FRIENDS THE GROUND SUDDENLY GAVE WAY BENEATH HIM.

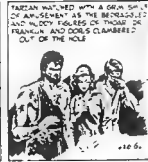


COLD FINGERS CLAMPED UNFETTERED TO HIS ANKLES AND DRAGGED HIM DOWN INTO A DARK SUBTERRANEAN HOLE.

TARZAN'S STAFF LODGED ACROSS THE OPENING, CLANGING TO HIS POWERFUL LEGS GRIPPING HIS UNARMED ATTACKER. HE CRAWLED HIM OUT OF THE HOLE.



INSTANTLY HE GRASPED THE HOLE, COLLAPSED UNDER BY THE THICK, HOARSELY T GASPED "GREAT SCOTT—TARZAN!"



TARZAN WATCHED WITH A GRIM SMILE OF AMUSEMENT AS THE BEHAGGLED AND MUDGY FIGURES OF THOSE DE FRANKLIN AND DOOL CLAMBERED OUT OF THE HOLE.



CAUTIONING THEM ALL TO MOVE SILENTLY, TARZAN LED HIS FRIENDS ALONG THE TRAIL LEFT BY JUAN AND JANA.

AT THE SOUND OF NEARBY VOICES, TARZAN MOTIONED HIS COMPANIONS TO SILENCE.



HE SAW JANA AND JUAN IN THE GRIP OF A HORB.



TARZAN LEAPED FROM THE TOP OF THE FALLEN TREE AND VANISHED WHEN HE STARTLED FORB AND DROPPED JANA AND JUAN TO MEET THE ATTACK.

HOLDING THE HORROR IN A HEADLOCK TARIAN AGAIN AND AGAIN WHIPPED THE MIGHTY BODY OVER HIS HEAD DASHING IT TO THE GROUND



THE HORROR DEAD TARIAN CALLED HIS FRIENDS AROUND HIM AND QUICKLY MADE THEM KNOWN TO EACH OTHER

AS HE WATCHED THE LOVING REUNION BETWEEN JANA AND THOAR GRADLEY SUDDENLY REALIZED THAT HE HIMSELF LOVED JANA



"MY BROTHER" SAID JANA "WOULD THANK YOU JASON FOR SAVING ME FROM THE JALOKS AND ANELANS"



"YOUR BROTHER" SAID A MED GRADLEY "YOU MEAN HE IS A GREAT SCOTTY HE WAS SO ANXIOUS TO FIND YOU I THOUGHT YOU WERE HIS WIFE!"

HE CAN TALK AND REST WHEN HE ARE SAFELY OUT OF REACH OF THE HORROR TARIAN SAID WHICH DIRECTION DO YOU SUGGEST HE



BEYOND THE LAKE "THOAR POINTED OUT "THE MOUNTAINS OF ZORAM AND SAFETY"

ONCE BEYOND THE POSSIBILITY OF RECAPTURE THE MEN WITH TARIAN'S HELP FASHIONED CRUDE BUT EFFICIENT WEAPONS



AS THE PARTY PASSED A WILD PLAIN TREE DOORS COULD NOT RESIST "THE LUSCIOUS FRUIT AND WITH THE ST. WAR" LAY STOPPED TO FILL THEIR QUIVERS

LAN TURNED AT A SLIGHT SOUND TO SEE TWO GREAT JALOKS LEAPING TOWARD DOORS



LAN SNATCHED UP THE SPEARS HURLING ONE HE STOPPED THE FOREMOST JALOK AS THE OTHER SPRANG FOR HIS THROAT



AS THE JALOK BORE LAN TO THE GROUND DOORS SNATCHED UP A BOW AND ARROW AND LOOSED THE SHOT INTO THE BEAST'S HEART

"I MUST HAVE KILLED YOU" DOORS SAID HEAVILY "IT IS TRUE" LAN SAID GENTLY "THAT THE WOMEN OF ZORAM FIGHT BESIDE THEIR MEN"



"ARE EITHER OF YOU HURT?" TARIAN ASKED "HE HEARD" "HE ARE UNHURT" LAN INTERRUPTED "THANKS TO THE BRAVERY OF DOORS"



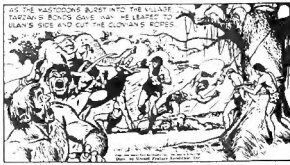
IT WAS SOME TIME LATER WHEN THOAR RAISED A WARNING HAND "SOMEONE COMES," HE SAID SOFTLY

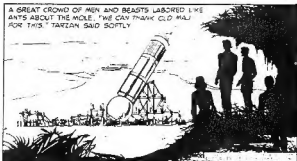
PEERNS OVER THE ROSE "HEY SAW A GROUP OF FULLY ARMED SAGOMBS LEED BY A LEASHED WHITE MAN APPROACHING OVER A ROUGH TRAIL"











In BB #21 we reported that Al Williamson had inked some of the daily episodes of the Tarzan strip after Berne Hogarth had taken over the production of the feature. We were later informed by Mr. Hogarth that this statement was incorrect. In fact, said Mr. Hogarth, Al Williamson never worked on the daily strip in any capacity. From the beginning, we were told, it was Dan Barry who inked Hogarth's penciling, but after a few weeks, Hogarth considered Barry's work so competent that the production of the strip was turned over to him with Hogarth simply supervising.

This strip is, of course, a version of TARZAN AT THE EARTH'S CORE. Starting on page 20, however, the closing episodes are based on events found in ERB'S LAND OF TERROR. A change of style in Barry's work can be noticed in these episodes too... and looking over the strips throughout this issue of the BB, the observer will recognize that some of the art has been adapted from earlier work by Hogarth and Foster for TARZAN and the latter's PRINCE VALIENT.

THE BARSOOMIAN CHRONICLES by Allan Howard

III—"Partners in Plunder"

As is very well known, thievery is a rare thing on Barsoom. On the other hand, the honorable acquisition of loot carries no opprobrium; a fine distinction drawn by the warriors of two planets for millenia. Indeed, in many cases it has been the only currency available to impoverished monarchs and governments with which to pay their soldiers in war and conquest.

Ger Motis and Minger Han were two panthans who, unlike Fo-nar, had escaped being captured by Hin Abtol when he sacked Raxar on his way to attack Gathol. With chaos all about them at the last stand in the jed's palace, the two panthans had very wisely decided to look out for themselves, and found others doing the same. They spied a dwarf of the jed's elite guard getting away with a large packet of gems of the first water from the erstwhile closely guarded crown jewel room, and by reasonable persuasion induced him to relinquish them. Leaving the palace by a side door where there was little activity, they came upon a disheveled noble preparing to mount a fine thout. The pair tossed him into a drainage ditch and rode happily away.

Morning found them in low hills near the shore of a vanished sea. Ger Motis was in possession of the jewels and turned ugly whenever Minger Han suggested it might be his turn to carry them. Ger Motis' idea was to shake Minger Han at the first opportunity. Minger Han made it his business to stick closer than adhesive, and in turn schemed to get sole possession of jewels and thout — and to lose Ger Motis. The value of the booty was great enough to make both, in a trite phrase, wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice. But the possession of one fortune never made the acquisition of another less desirable.

In order to get their bearings, Ger Motis climbed a nearby pinnacle; a thing Minger Han wouldn't do while Ger Motis carried the jewels. What Ger Motis saw when he reached the top caused him to descend immediately. He slipped near the bottom, and falling on Minger Han, they went down in a tangle of arms and legs. Ger Motis, up first and careful to give Minger Han a bit of trampling, leaped for the thout's back. As he galloped off, a war party of green men came around the pinnacle between him and Minger Han.

Ger Motis turned and called, "Farewell, Minger Han, there was little time, and I got the thout first."

Minger Han pulled his longsword and prepared to sell his life dearly. With his other hand he held something up, and yelled, "Yes, you dirty ulsio, you've got the thout, but I've got the loot!"